

(A N)  
EXHORTATION  
AT A  
COMMUNION  
TO A  
SCOTS CONGREGATION  
IN  
L O N D O N.

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By Mr. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

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*From a Manuscript never before printed.*

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## A N

## EXHORTATION, &amp;c.

**I**T is Christ's will, that his bairns get their fill, and that they grow. Christ never had an hungry house, nor his father before him : There is bread and drink in his father's house. Eat and drink, much good may it do you ; for ye get it with Christ's good will, and his heartsome blessing. Now, in the strength of it, work a good work to Christ your master ; he gives his servants meat and drink, with a good house in a new city. Who is this that hath his garment dipt in blood, yea in red blood ? know ye him, beloved ? but he kens you full well ; come near him ; and stand not afar off ; Christ says not, *Look by me*, but, *look on me whom ye have pierced with your sins* ; ye must not turn your shoulder to him, but set your face towards him ; love your new husband well, and let all the old go and play themselves ; rent your contract that was betwixt you and your heart's lusts ; and now Christ says, you shall have a better life than ever you had in your old husband's time. Provide much plenisning against the time ye and he take up house in heaven together ; Christ is dressing all the chambers  
and

hall for you up in your father's house. Make away as fast as you can ; take home your writs with you, Christ has subscribed them ; take home the king's pardon with you, written with your Lord's own heart's blood, and the king's great seal at it, and stampt upon the seal Christ's Arms, even the slain Son of God hanging upon the Cross, subscribing a large dispensation to you. Now remember, before witnesses, you are his. Have ye not reason to think Christ is heartsome in his own house ? He has made his wife a great feast to day : ly not down to sleep after your meat ; Christ has fed you to run a race, even a race to heaven ; awake therefore.

In the word and sacraments Christ now takes you into the chariot with himself, and draws your hearts after him. Be Satan's nor the world's footman no longer ; for it is a wearisome life ; but ride with Christ in his chariot, for it is all paved with love ; the bottom of it is the love of slain Christ ; ye must sit there upon love. Love is a soft Cushion, but the Devil and the world make you sweat at the fore work of sin, and run upon your own feet too ; but it is better to be Christ's horsemen to ride, than to be Satan's trogged footmen, and to travel upon Clay. Christ says, he has washen you to-day ; sin no more ; keep yourselves clean ; go not to Satan's sooty houses, but take you to your husband, *the fairest among ten thousand*, that your  
lovely

lovely husband may make your robes clean in the blood of the LAMB. Ye are going into a clean heaven, and an undefiled city ; take not filthy clatty hands and clatty feet with you. what say ye of your new husband ? please ye your new husband well ? may not his Servants say in his name, that ye are heartily welcome to him ? and may they not say in your name, that he is heartily welcome to you ? a plain answer ; ye cannot well want an half marrow ; no soul liveth well a single life. Now, seeing ye must marry, marry Christ ; ye will never get a better husband ; take him, and his father's blessing ; fall too and woo him ; be holy, and get a good name, and Christ will not want you. It is many a day since ye were invited to this banquet, why should ye bide from it ? ye are come not uncalled ; and Christ both sitteth and eateth with you, and standeth and serveth you ; Christ both said the grace, and blest'd the meat, and says it to-day, and prays, my father's blessing be at the banquet. Your father cries, *Divorce, divorce all other lovers, go and agree with Christ your Cautioner, and purchase a Discharge if you can.* It is better holding than drawing ; better to say, here he is, than here he was, and slippery fingered I, held him, and would not let him go. Rive all his clothes, and he will not be angry at you ; in death he held a strait grip of you ; hell, devils, and the wrath of God, the curse of the law, could not all loose his

his grips of you. Christ got a claught of you in the water, and he brought all with him. Look up by faith to him. Ye could never have been set up by angels. May not Christ say, the law soon took a cleik of me, and drew me amongst thieves for your cause? and was not that strong love that humble Christ cared not what they did to him, so being he might get you? In that night wherein our LORD was betrayed, he ordained the supper for you upon his death-bed; he made his testament, and left it in legacy to you: in death he had more mind of you, his wife, than he had of himself: in the garden, on the cross, in the grave, his silly lost sheep was ay in his mind. Love has a bra' memory, and cannot forget; *he has graven you on the palms of his hands*, and when he looks upon his hands, he says, *My sheep I cannot forget*; yea, in my death, *My sister, my spouse*, was ay in my mind; she took my night's sleep from me, that night I was sweating in the garden for her.

When Christ was dead, and sleeping on the cross, and his side broken with a spear, until blood and water came out, the Lord was forming a wife for the second *Adam*, your husband. In death he was doing and working what no wedded man could do, even blessing and embracing his beloved. Come near and kiss dead *Jesus*. O but Christ has a sweet smell, even when he is dead! what think ye  
of



of the smell of his love ? what think ye of  
 itself ? what think ye of these feet that went  
 up and down the world, to seek his father's  
 lost sheep, pierced with nails ? he that healed  
 the diseases of the lame and the blind, he is  
 now blind himself ; the eyes that were oft lift  
 up to heaven unto God in prayer, wearied  
 with tears, his head pierced with thorns, the  
 face that is fairer than the sun, and dearest be-  
 loved, is now all stained with blood, and the  
 hair pulled out of his cheeks. Could love be  
 painted then ? Christ pained, and Christ  
 painted on the cross ; so pained, mercy and  
 justice set God in his loveliness towards man,  
 who comes with outstretched arms to meet  
 and embrace him. When Christ was black  
 and blae upon the cross, and pale with death,  
 he was then fairest and pleasantest, and God  
 the father was reconciled, and looked sweetly  
 upon slain Christ ; and then mercy and Peace  
 was proclaimed to all believing sinners ; the  
 law and justice gloomed still, until Christ's  
 life was put forth, and now they smile upon  
 believers, and say, *Come unto heaven pull'd open  
 by Christ's holy arm from the cross, that was shut  
 by the strong iron bar that held the door of heaven,  
 until he hurt his arm and took it by.* And now  
 Christ says, *Be not afraid, come away.* But ye  
 will say, *We are weak, we dō not put up  
 Christ's door ;* well then, says Christ, *I am  
 strong enough for you ; and now, seeing it is al-  
 ready open, get up quickly and enter into it, and  
 there*

*there abide.* Ye are Christ's brethren and sisters ; when ye were under hell and condemnation, he pleaded the law for you. It was no bought plea to his hand, that Christ snappered on when he fought with our enemies. *CHRIST is flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone :* he tired himself in paying the law, and in getting the inheritance for you, and, God be thanked, he wan the plea, but it was great charges to him. Take to you now the free purchased redemption, your brother's new forgiveness of sins, peace, joy and a kingdom, and more ; take him to be your Lord, and much good may you have of your new master Jesus Christ.

Of all wonders that ever were read in a print book, this is the first ; Christ made an Exchange ; Christ would cross lives with you, and make a nisser : he never beguiled you, for he took shame and gave you glory ; he took the curse, and gave you the blessing ; he took death, and gave you life. The fairest candle that ever was lighted, is blown out, the head of the church is dead, and the lord of life is laid down in the grave. No wonder that the sun, that did shew part of his labours, be shut down, because the great sun of righteousness was shut down in the grave, and a stone laid above him. Good right have ye to Christ : accept of his nisser, and change with him, and take his best blessing, and purchased redemption. What a sight is our Lord  
Jesus

Jesus Christ going out of the gates of *Jerusalem*, and his cross upon his back ? and was like to fall under it, he was so weak in body, and weary in soul, when he went up to the top of the mount *Calvary* ; and all the time he saw black death before him, and a curse : he was even then bearing God's curse upon his back, and that was heavier than the cross. Look on him, and follow him ; he will not bid you lend him a lift. Give him Obedience, and give him love ; for it is better to him nor if you had been crucified for him ; and look upon him, and look for him, *whither I go, ye know, and the way ye know* ; Christ this day lets you see all the footsteps in your way to heaven. He went in a hard way himself, thro' God's curse, and painful sufferings ; he bids you not follow him that way, but believe in him, and love one another, and stick fast by Christ. The old gate ye doubt never have gone, but Christ's market-gate is a sweet and easy way ; if ye will bear Christ's yoke, and so love him, ye and he will come in others hands together to heaven, and ye will be the welcomer that he is with you.

*A little while*, says Christ, *and I will come again* : take you here Christ's flesh in token that he will come again to you and marry you to himself for ever : your new husband hath said, *within a little while he will come again and see you* ; and see that ye keep yourselves for him ; abide in him. Christ says to you, My dearest  
ones



ones weary not, fight on, I shall be at you frae hand, be true to me, as I was ay true to you.

Indeed when your salvation was in Christ's hand, it was between the tyning and the winning, but our Lord Jesus plaid us not a slip, he was ay to be lippeden in. What think ye of Christ? is he not fair and lovely? has not his wife good cause to say, *He is altogether lovely*, Cant. v. 16. His breast is all made of love. If ye had him but once in your arms, ye would thrust him into your hearts, yea and beyond it, if it could be gotten done. Christ took a hearty grip of you upon the cross; he'll not let you slip out of his fingers again.

*Many waters cannot quench love.* Christ was the lamb roasted with fire for you; he suffered hot fire for you; he got a roast and a heat that made him sweat blood; but yet his soul was not burnt away with love. Oh! Christ would fain have you; are you not burning with love to be at him? Dow you find in your hearts to want him? Oh! thrice sweet death to die of love for him, that died of love for you. Christ in the garden, on the cross, in the grave, under the pursuing of his father's wrath and anger, he speered ay for his beloved, his kirk: he sought you in all these Places, and he sought ay till he found you; he would not want his errand for the seeking; he went triumphing and rejoicing, and his wife in his hand.

hand. Christ rueth nothing what he has done for you, he thinks it all well war'd.

Christ loves you better nor his life, for he gave away his life to get your love; he spared neither cost nor expence. Christ was without sin, gave himself a ransom for you sinners: his father laid a cross on him; he bought you with his father's curse: was not that a dear wife to him? then let Christ be dear to you. *Pilate* scourged Christ, and brought him forth to the People, to see if they would rue on him: when they saw his bloody Shoulders, they might have said, poor man, thou art ill enough handled else, for ought that thou hast done; but these hell's hounds would have his heart's blood, and his life, or they would have nothing, and your husband said *Amen* to it, for the love that he did bear to you; and for all that God had done to him, be it so, *Amen*, Father.

What a sight was innocent and harmless Jesus when he stood before the governor, and had not one Word to say? they laid thieves bands on our saviour's hands that had never stolen, that had never shed blood; bands bound his hands, but love, mercy and grace bound his tender heart with stronger bands and cords, to loose us out of the bands of sin. He cryed in the spirit, Father, bind me, and loose them, slay me, and save them, and their ill be upon me; so be it, dear Jesus.

Christ

Christ cryed with a loud voice in death,  
*Father, into thy hands I recommend my spirit:*  
 Then our lord died, because it was his will.  
 Death could not bind him, but love to his  
 wife bound him. Love is stronger than death;  
 nay, love was as strong as Christ. The law  
 was weak now; for Christ satisfied it, and yet  
 it has no Power over you; ye are in Christ,  
 and he is a better Master than the law. Change  
 not with any master again; follow him all  
 the way to heaven.

Christ's new love got a whistle in his blessed  
 manhood. How do you since ye married  
 Christ last? tell your mind of Christ. Let  
 faith speak, let love speak of slain Christ Je-  
 sus, of his kissing you; ye are now at Christ's  
 pierced side, get heaven and mercy when  
 Christ has the Cross on his back.

Was not Christ's love tocher-good enough?  
 O! what is sewed and covered up in Christ's  
 love! Come and press his love, and milk hea-  
 ven and glory out of it. Live on his love,  
 and ye are wholly fed. Ly in Christ's love,  
 and that's a sweet bed. Ride on his love, and  
 it shall carry you thro' hell and death, and  
 every evil way. That which Christ has dear  
 bought, he will not want. Ye are sold over  
 to a Lord that will not want you, but will  
 have you; make no merchandize with any  
 other. He rues not, why should ye rue?  
 Mount *Calvary*, since God laid the first Stone  
 of it, did never bear such a Weight, when  
 the

the Lord of glory was hanging upon a tree there. O! it was made a fair tree when such an apple grew on it; it was a green orchard. It was our summer, but death's winter. Darkness was in all *Judea*, when our Lord suffered: and why? because the candle that lighted the sun and the moon was blown out. The Godhead was eclipsed, and the world's eye put out. He took away the sun with him as it were to another world, when he that was the world's sun was put out. When he went out of the earth, the sun would not stay behind him. Sun, what ails thee? I have not will to shine when my lord is going to another world; as if the sun had said to Jesus, Lord, if thou be going to another world, take me with you. The dead came out of the grave to welcome Christ's death; life itself was coming to the grave, and therefore the graves opened; the dead lived; the bairns sprang and stirred in their mother's belly; why? because the lord of life was coming to the grave; the dead wondred to see life coming down among them; he went beforehand to sponge death and corruption for you. Jesus cryed with a loud voice, with such a shout as went never before to heaven, the son crying to the father, shouting with tears and strong cries, Father! Father! God's mercy! O! what a cry would all believers have made in hell, if Christ had not cryed, yea, been always crying there? but O! what a fray was there?

there? God weeping, God sobbing under the wrath: never was there such a fray in heaven and earth, either before, or shall be after. Angels might have quaked, if they be capable of such Passions, they might have said, alas! what ails our dear lord and master to cry so hideously? Christ worried on a piece of tree; he who takes up the isles of the sea as a little thing, yea, he who can take up heaven and earth with a touch of his little finger; he who can weigh the mountains in a balance; O! what a set was it to Christ's back and his fillets! no wonder, there was more than a tree upon his back; the curse of the law of God was above the tree, and that was heavier than ten thousand mountains of Iron. Ah! a wonder his back brake not in twa, and all his bones were not crush'd with it. Christ cries, *I thirst.*

*I thirst.*--- No wonder, there was a fire in his soul, such a furnace as would have dried up the sea, and all the waters of it. Cast a coal of God's wrath in the midst of the sea, it would soon suck it all up; if there were as much water as might lye betwixt the bottom of the sea, and the heaven of heavens, between the east point of heaven, and the west point of heaven, the pure unmixed wrath of God would drink it all dry in a moment. All the wells in the earth set to Christ's mouth, could not have quenched his thirst; a drink of his father's well was that which cool'd his burnt and dried soul. Christ cryed, *my soul*  
is



*is heavy unto death*; sorrow is like to kill me)  
 fear and horror is like to break my heart.  
 What, dear Lord Jesus, art thou rueing the  
 voyage? wouldst thou cast thy bargain? No,  
 no, but it is a sad cup. O! I see an ugly  
 sight; I see the Lord covered with wrath! I  
 see a greater fire than put all fires in Hell in  
 one; and the Lord has made me, poor me,  
 greeting, weak me, his contrary Party; the  
 Lord is running upon me like a giant. My  
 martyrs and my servants sing and rejoice at the  
 gibbet and Fire, but I weep, I ly sad and  
 dreary mine alone, because my Lord is away.  
 Oh wells! O lochs! O running streams! where  
 were you all when my Lord could not get a  
 Drink? O fy on all *Jerusalem*! for there were  
 wine enough in *Jerusalem*, and there Christ is  
 burnt like a keel stick. O wells! what ails  
 you at your Lord Jesus? the wells and lochs  
 answer, alas! we dare not know him, the Lord  
 hath laid a fence upon us, we are arrested, we  
 dare not serve our master. Is there any coo-  
 ling in all *Judea*, Or, is there any room? Yea,  
 there are tables full of vomit, but our Lord  
 was forced to take a good-night of the Crea-  
 ture with a nay say. O! to hear the wells say,  
 we will give *Herod* and *Pilate* a drink, but  
 we'll give Christ none; yea, give me leave to  
 say, there's none in the earth brewn for Christ,  
 but a drink of gall and vinegar: the wells say,  
 we will give oxen and horse drink, but never  
 a drop for the Lord of glory. For all his  
 Service

Service done in *Jerusalem*; for all his good preaching; for all his glorious miracles, not so much as a drop of cold Water; Fy on you famous *Jerusalem*! Is your stipend thus? Is this your Reward to your great high-priest? no, not so much as a beggar's courtesy, a drink of cold Water to your dear redeemer *Jesus*! But by this Christ has bought drink to all believers.

*Jesus gave up the Ghost,*

O life! would you bear that blessed body no longer Company! O life of life! would thou be death's taken prisoner? O! to see that blessed head fall to the one side! O! to see life wanting life! to see life lying Dead! to see that blessed mouth silent! to see that fair corps rolled in linnen, and laid in a Tomb! O! to see sweet *Jesus*, that he should go his lone! O! to see that blessed body in *Joseph's* arms! come hither, believers, and see a sight you never say the like of it. O! what would the disciples say? but that we are beguiled men. We thought that he should restore the kingdom to *Israel*, and now he is gone away; and now he is dead, that raised *Lazarus* from the grave. O! would angels think our master is dead, meikle scant of life in the world might one say, before he should have died for want; the whole guard about Christ might say, O! what evil hath he done? O sun why would thou not send light, he never angered thee, but gave thee light. O floods! O rivers! O running streams! what has thus angered you

you at your creator, that ye would not fend  
 your Lord a drink! O bread! why art thou  
 gall to him? O drink! why to him Vinegar?  
 O worldly pomp and glory! what ails you at  
 him? that he is so ashamed: O life! where  
 goest thou? why leavest thou the Lord of  
 life? O joys! why would you not cheer  
 him? O disciples! why left you him and for-  
 sook him? O father! what ails thee at thy  
 dear and only son? O! what evil way went  
 these Feet that are peirced? O! what evil did  
 these Hands that they are peirced? O! what  
 evil and what vanity did these eyes behold,  
 that death hath closed them? O! what sin  
 hath that fair face done that it is spitted upon?  
 O! what did these hands steal, that they  
 were bound? O! what evil has that blessed  
 head done, that is crowned with thorns?

# *F I N I S.*